The Vacation Ramble: Or, A View of WESTMINSTER.

1. September 1711.

NOW that the Days go smoothly on,
And Vice is starving in the Town,
I choose a harmless Country Life,
Hoping thereby to gain a Wife,
Amongst the unexperienc'd Fair
In *London* Arts, and Coquet Air.
The long Vacation swiftly flies,
And Concord, want of Law supplies.
The Buzzing Croud, who daily run
Laughing, when their best Friend's undone.
The Maids, or they who such would seem,
All Actions but their own condemn,
May here (what they should be) survey,
Nor serve for idle Tongues a prey:
Avoiding all the nauseous Stir,
Of those who live in *Westminster*:
Who boast of Fortune at their Will,
Which is but Wind and Water mill:
Who serve their God for Show, not Grace,
With Taudry Dress out Choir disgrace,
Their spend their Time in foolish Chat,
Cry down small Sins, and act the Great,
Placing their Net with art and speed,
To draw Men Home at time of Need.
I'll name you some, the Widow *Dennis*,
Whose Husband lov'd a Game at Tennis,
And lost a thousand Pound at one time,
Which made him neither sweet nor clean.
His Wife was griev'd at such a loss,
That she has ever since been mad,
Her Daughters Talkative and loud,
Foolishly Wanton, very Proud;
Scorn to bestow their little Pence
On honest Gentlemen of Sence,
Alas! the Least, that pretty Baby,
Resolv'd to make herself a Lady,
And marry'd to a *Scotish* Knight
Whose whole Estate's not worth a Doit.
The Doctors Daughter near the Abby,
With Sence in substance, like a Fary,
Wanting her Teeth, her Friend's supplies
With Sweets, that Common-Shores enjoys,
That when she laughs at ought that pleases,
Your Stomach faints with fulsome Breezes.
Our Taylor's Wife in *Dartmouth-street*;
In pleasant manner guides her Feet,
Bragging, that she has wondrous Plenty,
Holds up her Head, O prick me dainty!
In frequent Quarrels with her Lodgers,
And none's her Favourite but *Rogers*.
Near the said Place did live a Captain
Which in Love's Snares was often trapt in,
That follows Ladies to their Houses,
And often doth assist their Spouses;
But having strain'd his Parts by riding,
Makes them not worth any's finding.
A smooth Tongue letch'rous High-Church *Priest*
Comes next, and loudly swears by *Christ*,
The *Low Church* are most surely D——n'd,
Tho' from it he but lately shamm'd:
He courted once the Toothless Maid,
But soon withdrew and was afraid
To make her his best darling Wife,
Fearful to lose a College Life.
A Chequer Clerk, whose Name is *Farthwar*,
A very *Whig*, and a great Letcher,
Drinks *Yorkshire* Ale instead of Sack,
To strengthen his decrepit Back;
By Pox and Claps long since undone,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on.
Pretends to Skill in Musick's Art,
Discord indeed he has by Heart;
Too many Words, and very Proud,
Virtues (if any) hidden in a Cloud.
The pretty manner of his Action
Shews he's of a very mean Extraction.
He serv'd his Time with *Harry Hast*,
Tho' for him now cares not a Fart:
The Passage of his Throat's so clear
It stuns the Sence of those too near.
Contracts great Debts; for that's his way,
Always to trick, and never pay:
But now that he has got a Wife,
She'll quickly rid him of his Life.

My railing Muse begins to tire,
I must add Fuel to its Fire,
By showing you a Character
That doth exceed old *Lucifer*:
C——*man*, that Teaguish, antick Thing,
Whose greatest Talant is to bring
Scandal on all he ever knew,
To all his Friends, the *White-Hart* Crew,
(Whose chiefest Business is to Spew:)
But now he's marry'd to a Wife,
After a loud and scandalous Life,
Whose maundring Charms distracts her Spouse
And makes him more ridiculous.
A Taylor Stock Jobber comes next,
But lest I should mistake my Text,
With bad Variety perplext
He keeps a House with others Money
And in a Corner loves a C——n——y
He is by Fools accounted Witty,
Being advanc'd by Mr. Twitty,
Alack, I say the more's the Pitty.
To his Eldest Son he is a Fury,
And loves to be upon a Jury;
But that which makes the greatest Laughter,
Has Carnal Knowledge with his Daughter:
His Daughters three will not come nigh,
Unless you treat them very high;
And then you may your Freedom use,
If you intend to visit Stews.
A Man of Stock I next must greet,
Who loves at End of Tuttle-street,
Was marry'd to a Vertuous Wife,
With whom he often is at Strife,
For coming home with Pain in Head,
He found a Youth with her in Bed.
Wanting the Honesty of Ez——r,
He lost his Place he had in th' Chequer;
A hollow Spark very unsound,
Cheated Wive's Dad two hundred Pound.
There's many more I scorn to name,
And weep I chose so bad a Theme;
The dullest Verse they don't deserve,
Subjects like these do Poets starve;
Debase their Muse from virtuous Strains,
And Malice is our only Gains.
Satyr farewel, I trouble you no more,
When I write next 'tis on another Score.
Now they that of the Meaning make a doubt,
Let them sit down and pick the Meaning out.

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The Venetian Republic. 1500 c. View of
WESTMINSTER.
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